

## THE BALDHEAD CLUB.

EXCITING MEETING AND MUCH ORATORY ON TOP.

Col. Blakemore Discusses the Secret Ballot—Col. Pyle Elected President by a Scratch, and Delivers His Inaugural Address.



"The first order of business will be the election of a President," said President Blakemore, as the club settled down for business after the roll call had disclosed a full attendance. That is to say the house was full and not the members themselves.

There was at once an air of bustle and excitement. Col. Pyle and Col. Wiley, the rival candidates, had thrown off all reserve and were seen personally pressing their respective claims with the doubtful voters. No time was lost in getting down to voting. Excitement was too high to admit of a waste of time in nominating speeches and the ballot was spread with both sides confident of success. Tellers were appointed and the call began and the expectations of a close and doubtful contest were fully realized. Remembering the former squabble when Col. Claggett was accused by Col. Leavell of having voted for himself, the two candidates had courteously shown their ballots to each other, each voting for his opponent. All over the house the members were nervously keeping tally sheets as the votes were called. Neck and neck, from end to end the race was run. With but a single ballot left in the hat, the vote stood Wiley 19, Pyle 18. This ballot folded and crumpled into a wad was opened with trembling hands and the silence was so intense that one could hear a gum drop. It was found to be for Pyle and the vote was a tie, and under the laws of the club it devolved upon President Blakemore to cast the deciding vote. As soon as the situation made itself apparent to the partisans of the respective sides, there was wild excitement and several colonels at once got up on their hind legs and clamored to be heard. Col. Wiley was seen to wink in a significant way at the president, but failing to attract his attention he wedged himself around to the stand and nudged his elbow. All this time, Col. Bob Wooldridge, Col. Wiley's right hand man, was clamoring for a recess of five minutes. The Pyle men, on the other hand, opposed all motions to adjourn and insisted upon an immediate decision. The President was firm and met the responsibility without any effort to evade or shift.

Rising and casting a glance around he delivered his decision in the following address:

"I am proud of this opportunity to vote once more in the good old-fashioned speak-out-and-defy-the-devil way. I don't believe in secret ballots. I like for a man to be open and manly in everything and sneaking is nothing. A secret ballot is a standing invitation to people to stab somebody in the back and do all sorts of dirty tricks, because they can do so without being detected. There is a stripe down the backs of half the people in this world anyway, that shows they will bear watching and the secret ballot gives these cattle a chance to do their worst. The man who will pretend to be for one man and vote for another is the same man who will slip in the back door of a saloon, or drop a penny into the contribution basket with a twenty-five cent smirk on the outside of his face. I hate a man who hasn't the courage of his convictions, and I am glad to be able to vote one more time like a man ought to vote. I cast my vote for that peerless gentleman and enthusiastic Knight of the shining Pate, my friend, my neighbor and my brother bald-head, Col. Abner Winchester Pyle, known to fame as Bill Rogus, the Scribe of Humdurgin. I will appoint Col. Pyle a committee of one to escort himself to the chair."

The cheers that greeted this announcement were long and loud. Pandemonium reigned inside and the only shower for several weeks rained outside. In the midst of the wildest demonstrations, which were rendered still more exciting by a fight near the door, Col. Pyle reached the stand and moved to make his nomination unanimous. This motion was carried by a vote of 19 to 18, Col. Wiley having in the meantime left the room to hire a lawyer to contest Col. Pyle's election on the ground of fraud, the last ballot counted for Col. Pyle having been crumpled into a wad instead of folded as the law requires.

Having cleared the stand in front

of him, cleared his throat and prepared to clear the room, the new president removed his overcoat, adjusted his eye-glasses and delivered the following inaugural address: "Ye call me president and ye do well to call him president who for twenty long years has worn a bald head on his shoulders. And yet I was not always thus. I became bald not from necessity, but because I am a bald-headed man at heart. I was raised among the penury beds and sassafras patches of Humdurgin. My early life ran smooth as the classic Trade Water by which I played. I might have lived forever in the balmy atmosphere of my rural home, with nothing to interfere with a growth of hair as luxuriant as the weeds that grew in the corn rows I used to plow. But I left those happy scenes and came to the crowded bustling city, and by worrying over the collection of bad bills in the week and sitting in damp and poorly ventilated churches on Sunday, I soon took my place in the ranks of the bald-headed men who are to-day found in the front seats wherever the curtain rises. I am here to-night a bald headed man from choice and I would not exchange my head, hairless as it is outside, for that of Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Statesman, whose head two empires are after. There are eighty-five or thirty more things I want to talk about, but I don't want my speech to be as long as Cleveland's message, so I will reserve the remainder of my address for some other time.

After a short session of routine business, the Club adjourned.

North Christian.

OAK HILL, Dec. 1.—As we have seen no communications from these parts for a long time, we thought we would give you a few items.

Mr. John W. Walker, constable-elect for this district, had a large wen or a fatty tumor removed from his neck last Sunday, by the skillful surgeon, Dr. J. B. Jackson, of Crofton.

A little girl of Mr. Milton Hicks, is very low of diphtheria. She is attended by Dr. Putman.

Miss Belle Parker began her school at Flat Rock last Monday.

Mrs. Euda Hamby visited relatives in Crofton last week.

The farmers are about through gathering corn; the yield is about as usual.

A flock of four wild turkeys are seen near here occasionally.

There was a singing last Sunday night at Esq. W. T. Hight's; an enjoyable time is reported, in fact no one can visit the Esq's. without being made to feel pleasant.

Mrs. W. F. Crick has rented Mrs. Sarah Lewis' place and will move there in the near future.

Miss Stella Hamby, of the Salem vicinity, visited friends in this locality last week.

The drought still continues and people are hauling water three miles. Messrs. Dennis and Otho Price went to Madisonville yesterday on business.

The funeral of Mr. L. T. Armstrong was preached at Flat Rock (the third Lord's day in this month by Rev. Hayes of Bowling Green.

If this escapes the basket you will hear from us again.

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